LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF PARIS

EUGÉNIE FOA
JULIA OLCOTT

M. L. Kirk.

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LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF PARIS

CAMILLE WAS NIBBLING AT THE WING OF THE CHICKEN

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LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF PARIS

TOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF
EUGÉNIE FOA

BY

JULIA OLCOTT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CLARA WHITEHILL HUNT

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR BY
MARION MILDRED OLDHAM

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INTRODUCTION

In the days, when *Le Petit Robinson de Paris,* was first published, our little grandfathers and grandmothers had no such lavish wealth of beautiful books as have the children of today. Comparing the small, crude volumes of eighty years ago with those on the Christmas book counters of the present, parents are tempted to think that the twentieth century's gifts to their children, are in every respect better than those of earlier generations. Unfortunately, for every splendid book printed, a vast number of worthless juveniles are sold, and the reading tastes of too many children sink into the ruts of mediocrity.

One of the unhappy results of the cheap reading habit is that children develop no interest in stories of other countries and other times. The present, the near at hand fill their minds till their imaginations become too languid to make far flights.

There are certain quaint little books of the past, which have a value for children of to-day in that they reflect the tastes and sentiments of earlier days. " Little Robinson " the story of two waifs of Paris, a boy and a dog, is such a book. It was first published in 1840. The author, Eugénie Foa (as the great Larousse says), having written for youth many stories " full of grace, of sensibility, and of captivating gayety." Our American children are fortunate to have Mrs. Olcott's translation of this story which many French children have loved.

CLARA WHITEHILL HUNT

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LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF PARIS

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CHAPTER I

COUSIN GUSTAVE

A HANDSOME house in the City of Bordeaux was draped with black. There had been a grand funeral that afternoon, and the master of the house would never again enter his home.

A boy mounted the front steps, and opened the door, a boy of ten years old, slender, blond, with blue eyes, who had been weeping.

"Where is my Cousin Gustave, James?" he asked the butler.

"He is shut up in his father's room, Master Camille, and has forbidden me to disturb him," replied James.

"Then I'll go to bed now. But how can I sleep without kissing my dear Uncle good night?

It is dreadful, isn't it, James? It makes me sick. Anyway, I have my big cousin."

"Hum! Cousin! It's not much you have, poor child!" muttered James as he watched Camille climb the stair.

As Camille passed through the hall, he stopped before the door of his Uncle's room. The door was ajar.

"Gustave is there. He is lonesome, too. Perhaps he will like to have me with him," thought Camille.

He rapped gently.

"Who is there?" cried an impatient voice.

"It is I—Camille. May I come in, Gustave?"

"No! Go to bed and don't bother me," replied Gustave, gruffly.

Camille did not dare to disobey. He could see through the partly opened door that Gustave was standing before a desk, and that he drew papers from a portfolio. He glanced at them, and tossed them, one by one, into the fire. He did not seem to feel at all sad.

Camille was puzzled. He went slowly to his room wondering how it could be that Gustave was not crying.

The next morning when Camille came down to breakfast, Gustave was already finished. Now his Uncle had never eaten breakfast without him, so Camille exclaimed in surprise:

"You did not wait for me!"

"Wait for you!" echoed Gustave. "I rather think not! What are you ringing that bell for?" he added as Camille touched the breakfast bell.

"For my breakfast. You have eaten it all, you know."

Gustave made no reply, but said to James who came in at that moment, "After this, give Camille his breakfast in the kitchen, and take all orders from me. Do you hear?"

James left the room, and Camille repeated:

"In the kitchen! Do you mean that I must always eat in the kitchen, Gustave?"

"I mean," scowled Gustave, "that I am the only master here, and that you are nobody."

"How am I nobody?" asked poor Camille. "Am I not your cousin, Gustave?"

"Listen," said Gustave. "You are ten years old, old enough to understand. Your father and mother left you nothing, and you are a beggar. This house belongs to me. My father when he was master here, did what he chose for you. But now it is I who am master, and I want you to leave this house."

"Where do you want me to go?" asked Camille, looking at him in terror.

"Go where you please. I don't care where you go."

Poor Camille burst into tears, and clasping his hands together, cried, "O Gustave, what will become of me without you? No matter where I go, I shall starve. What will the neighbors say, when they know that you have sent my dear Uncle's nephew away to die? When you go into the street, all the boys will throw stones at you."

Gustave was silent. He was reflecting. Then

he looked up and spoke so pleasantly, that he was quite like another person.

"You are right, Camille. You must not leave me. To-morrow I am going to Paris on business, and you shall come with me."

"To Paris! Shall I really see Paris?"

"Yes, you shall see Paris."

"Oh, how good you are, Gustave! Let me hug you!" and Camille sprang toward his cousin with open arms.

Gustave pushed him away, but not roughly. "That will do, that will do. Now ring for your breakfast."

"I'm not hungry," and Camille shook his head sorrowfully. "All that you said to me just now makes me wish for my dear Uncle, and remember that I shall never see him again. Oh, no, I cannot eat!"

"Do as you please," replied Gustave, and he left the room.

CHAPTER II

LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE

It was early in the morning when the cousins arrived in Paris.

"How tired I am, Gustave!" exclaimed Camille, "such a long time without sleep!"

"Stay where you are, and wait for me," said Gustave, and going into the station he bought one return ticket to Bordeaux.

"Whom is that for?" asked Camille, who had followed without being noticed.

"What difference does that make to you?" snapped Gustave, provoked to find his cousin so near him. Then, paying for the ticket, he took Camille's hand, and turned away.

"Where are we going now?"

"To the Garden of the Tuileries to regulate my watch," replied Gustave.

"Oh, how well I remember that my dear Uncle always said to me, 'As soon as I get to Paris, I

go to the Tuileries to regulate my watch.' My poor dear Uncle! It is strange that I can never think of him without crying!"

"Will you be still," growled Gustave, seizing the hand that Camille was lifting to his eyes.

The tone startled the boy. He walked on quietly, but more than once as he caught sight of the many fine shops, he could not help exclaiming:

"How beautiful it is, in Paris!"

When they reached the Garden, the gates were just opened. Gustave led the way to a secluded spot where they could rest under a chestnut tree, whose thick branches would be a shade from the sun even at noon.

"Are you hungry?" asked Gustave, when they were seated.

"Yes indeed I am."

"Then eat these," and Gustave took a pear and two rolls from his bag and gave them to Camille, who asked as he nibbled a roll:

"Shall we stay here long?"

"Why do you ask? Aren't you comfortable?"

"Yes, I am comfortable, but I am more sleepy than hungry."

In fact, Camille's eyes were half closed, and his blonde head was nodding. The silence of early morning in this beautiful garden, the cool shade, the marble basins in which swam gold fish and swans, all invited repose.

"You are easily satisfied," said Gustave, "stretch out there, and go to sleep."

"And you—what will you do?" demanded Camille, lying down.

"I?—I will write a bit, I will occupy myself making a few notes," said Gustave with an embarrassed air. "But what is that book you are putting under your head?"

"Oh, that is *Robinson Crusoe!* It was my dear Uncle's last present to me."

"Be quiet and go to sleep," said Gustave sharply.

"Read it while I am sleeping."

"Go to sleep, I tell you!" And almost snatching *Robinson Crusoe* from Camille's hands, Gustave began to turn over the pages.

"Read it—read it—amuse yourself," repeated Camille, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Poor Robinson! But the most terrible thing in his history was not the desert island, but being alone! And mind, Gustave," added Camille, smiling, "see that you do not leave me alone while I am asleep—like Robinson! Isn't that a queer idea?" and half-yawning and half-laughing, Camille was asleep.

Meanwhile Gustave, without troubling himself about his little cousin, drew from his pocket a red leather note case, a quire of letter paper, and using *Robinson Crusoe* for a desk, began to write.

CHAPTER III

THE TERRIBLE LETTER

THE sun was setting when Camille awoke. The first thing he heard was a clock striking.

"Seven o'clock!" he cried, stretching out his arms. "How I have slept!"

He opened his eyes slowly at first. Then he opened them quickly, and looked around him in surprise.

"Where am I?" Then it came to him.

"I am in Paris. I am in the Garden of the Tuileries.—Gustave!" he called. But Gustave did not answer, and Camille sat up to investigate.

"Where is he?—it is a joke—he is hiding to frighten me!"

Half past seven struck, and Gustave had not appeared. Camille's head began to swim, for he had eaten so little.

"I have slept twelve hours," he said, counting

on his fingers. "How selfish he is! Who knows but he has taken dinner without me. Oh, how hungry I am!"

"You have had a long sleep, my boy," said a big man who wore a blue uniform. "What are you doing here alone?"

"I am waiting for my cousin," replied Camille simply.

"Are you sure he is coming?"

"Yes, of course, he must come, for he knows that I should get lost in Paris."

"Does he know anything about Paris, himself?"

"Oh, yes, he knows perfectly. He was here with my dear Uncle last year. They stayed three whole months in Paris. Three whole months."

"And so you wish to stay here until your cousin comes back, do you?" added the man in uniform.

"I must. Where should I go?"

"But what if your cousin should not come back

before the gates close? Although he did stay three months in Paris, he might lose his way."

"Then I shall sleep here," replied Camille, resigned to whatever might happen.

"Ah—that is what you may not do, my little friend. When the gates close for the night, you will have to go out of the Garden."

"Oh! sir, will you not let me stay here till my cousin comes?"

"I would if I could. But I am the guard, and it is my duty to make everyone leave the Garden as soon as I hear the signal. Your cousin must know the rules, and he will be back in time."

After the guard was gone, Camille began to feel anxious. The gay crowds were promenading in the Garden, but he did not see them.

"What shall I do if Gustave is lost, as the guard said?" he thought. "What will become of me all alone? And I am so hungry! I am, oh, so hungry!—Gustave will surely find his way. I will be patient. I will read—but perhaps he has carried off my book! No—here it is."

He took up *Robinson Crusoe*. To his great astonishment a letter fell from it—a letter addressed to him!

He opened it, and read:—

My dear Cousin:—

I am not rich enough to take care of you. I do not owe you anything. It is you who owe me for the little education you have received and for the clothes you wear. But I will not blame you.

I wish you to forget that you have a cousin in the world. Paris is not a desert island as you have said. It is a great city full of opportunities. You know how to read and write, and you can count a little. That will support you.

So goodbye, Camille, do not search for me. When you read this letter, I shall be far away. I am master in my own house, and have the right to drive out any one whom I do not like. I warn you not to come home.

I need not sign this letter. You can guess who is writing it. Act as if I were dead, and never ask any news of me.

Goodbye for the second time—and forever.

CHAPTER IV

LITTLE DOG FRIDAY OF PARIS

CAMILLE sat as if he had been stunned. Then he read the letter again word by word, very carefully. He could not believe that Gustave had really abandoned him

But when he came to the last line, "Goodbye for the second time, and forever," he read it over and over in terror.

There was no doubt about it. He was alone—alone in the midst of that gay crowd in the Garden of the Tuileries. The letter told him that he should never see his cousin again. But Camille could not bring himself to believe that the only relative he had in the world would be so cruel.

"It would be so bad!—so bad!" he said to himself, "that it cannot be true. He means only to frighten me."

Then for a while he dared not move. "Gus-

tave will surely come back, and must find me waiting," he thought.

But Gustave did not come, and Camille grew so unhappy that he even ceased to be hungry. He kept on repeating to himself:

"Alone—alone—What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

For a long time he sat there, but he could not stay forever. He rose and followed the path before him. The crowd had become so great that the people pushed and jostled him. It was useless to lift his eyes big with sorrow. No one noticed him. There were groups of children with their parents and nurses. Only Camille was alone in the beautiful Garden.

He walked slowly. He began to feel angry.

"God will punish you, Gustave!" he exclaimed aloud, and with the thought of God, came the feeling that *He* would not abandon him.

"He will be sorry for me," he said, and as he spoke a little dog ran up to him and crouched at

his feet. He was moaning. His paw was covered with blood.

"Go off," said Camille, pushing him impatiently away. But into Camille's heart came the thought:

"I want God to pity me, and I do not pity this poor animal," and he stooped and took the little creature in his arms.

"That is your dog, is it, my boy?" said an old gentleman who was passing. "Tie him up, if you do not want him killed. He has had a hard time to find you. The guard gave him so many blows to keep him out of the Garden that I was sure he was dead. But he jumped up as lively as ever. Take my advice and tie him up tight."

"He does not belong to me," said Camille. "I do not know whose dog he is. But he is hurt and he is all alone, and you ought to take him home with you. Surely you have a home, sir?"

"Certainly I have a home, but not for dogs. If you do not like him, let him go. Then, if he

escapes the guards, he will eat a poisoned bone, and that will be the end of him. *I* to take a dog home with me!—Well!—Well!—Did anyone ever hear the like of that?" and the old gentleman went on his way, laughing.

"How selfish he is, that old gentleman," thought Camille, patting the dog who was moaning pitifully.

"Poor thing," he said softly, examining the paw where the guard's blows had torn away the skin.

Camille quite forgot his own trouble, his hunger and his being abandoned, in the sufferings of the poor little animal who had come to him for protection. Opposite was a fountain, and there he tenderly washed away the blood. Then tearing his handkerchief into strips, he bandaged the wounded paw.

The poor dog licked his hands and looked at him with eyes that said, "You are good to me. I thank you!" which gave Camille sweet satisfaction.

Remembering the old gentleman's warning, Camille knotted the rest of the handkerchief into a cord, and tied it around the dog's neck. "Now you cannot get lost again, doggie," he said.

They made a pretty picture, Camille and his dog; he the graceful well-dressed boy with an air of belonging to rich parents, leading the little black spaniel; the spaniel with his hair soft as silk, his large ears drooping to the ground, and a flame-colored spot on his forehead, on each foot, and on the tip of his tail.

There never was such a dog! Perhaps he might keep him forever! Such was Camille's one happy thought, and the dog, looking up into his eyes, seemed to say:

"That is my thought, too. I am lost. I have no home. Do not abandon me."

Suddenly they were startled. They heard the signal for the closing of the gates.

CHAPTER V

THE DESERT ISLAND OF THE BIG CITY

It was indeed the signal!

Camille knew that they must leave the Garden, so putting Gustave's letter into his pocket, he took his dog and his book, and walked slowly toward a gate.

"At any rate," he thought, to keep up his courage, "I am better off than Robinson Crusoe. There was nothing on his desert island, but here is everything."

He passed on down the street. How wonderful were these shops, blazing with lights! Camille was astonished. He was delighted.

"If Robinson Crusoe's island had been like this, no one would have made such a big book about him," he thought as he trudged along. "But I do feel hungry! I have eaten nothing but a roll since this morning—and two pears."

He was passing before a large house. The

outer door was open. People were crossing the court. He thought:

" If those people see me, they will invite me in."

But as no one saw him, he advanced a few steps. An old woman—she was the janitress—was standing by a door.

" Whom do you want, boy? " she called.

" Nobody," answered Camille, stepping briskly toward her, delighted that at last he was spoken to.

" Then what are you here for? " Her voice was loud, and so gruff that it was a shock. The poor boy started backward, but he recovered himself and stammered:

" I thought that if you saw me you would invite me in."

The woman stared at him. She did not appear to understand.

" You see," he explained, " I am very tired and very hungry."

" This is not a tavern, move on. Don't you hear? Move on, I tell you."

Seeing that Camille did not hurry to move on, she seized his shoulder and pushed him into the street.

"What a bad woman that is!" exclaimed Camille, as he walked away.

Presently he came to a baker's shop. Again he stood still. He looked in. It was a very attractive place to the hungry boy.

"We will go in here, doggie," he said. A young girl was sitting behind the counter.

"May I have a piece of bread?" he asked this time timidly. He was not so brave as he had been before he met with the old woman.

"As much as you please," the girl smiled. "Will you have two *sous'* worth or four *sous'* worth?"

Camille was dismayed. "Are you going to make me pay for it?" he whispered.

"You do not suppose that you will get it for nothing?"

"Amanda," interrupted a fat woman who was writing in the back of the shop. "Why waste

time chattering with customers? Cut the child two *sous'* worth, and if that is not enough, cut four."

The girl cut a generous piece from the long loaf.

"That's two *sous,*" and she held out her hand.

Camille fumbled in his pocket, then with a very red face pulled out only one *sou.* It was all he had. He stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the piece of bread.

With quick comprehension, the girl gave him the bread and took the coin, saying softly:

"That will do."

"It is all I have. Thank you."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said, and, casting a glance at the back of the shop, dropped the coin into the drawer.

It was night, but moonlight.

They sauntered on, Camille devouring the bread eagerly, and the little dog watching every mouthful and wagging his tail. But when nothing was forthcoming, the little dog sat up, licked

his mouth, and put his head on one side with a look so sad, so reproachful, that Camille felt ashamed of himself, and exclaimed as he broke off a piece of bread and fed him: "Poor thing! I won't be selfish any more. Of course you are hungry, doggie. We will divide!"

After this Camille did not take a single bite of the bread without feeding his dog a mouthful, too. The little dog in joy rolled on the ground, and ended by lying down at Camille's feet and looking up into his face, as if he was saying:

"I belong to you now. I will never leave you."

Then he sat up very straight and held out his paw. Camille was radiant. He shook the paw. He forgot his troubles.

"Now we are friends. I wish you could tell me your name. Robinson Crusoe had his man Friday. He was black, too! I shall call you Friday. Shake hands, Friday."

But the dog did not move. He only looked so oddly that Camille believed he was laughing at him. At that moment a large greyhound ran past.

Its owner, who was in advance, turned and called: "Come—Fox—come!"

Camille's dog started forward, glanced at the man, and then trotted back to Camille, crouching at his feet with a joyous bark.

"Your name is Fox, isn't it?" asked Camille.

The little dog wagged his tail vigorously, which meant, "Yes."

"Fox is better than Friday. Oh, Fox, I wish I had some water! I am so thirsty. And you are thirsty."

The dog certainly understood, for he walked toward the next street, stopping and turning to see if Camille was following, until he reached a square. There was a fountain where pure cold water flowed from a spout into a marble basin.

The boy drank from the spout and the little dog drank from the basin.

"Thank you, Fox, thank you," said Camille. "I gave you bread, and you gave me water, so we are square. It is warm out here, and now you and I will go to sleep."

"IF I WERE A STRAY CHILD, WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH ME?"

CHAPTER VI

IN THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR

CAMILLE and Fox were seated comfortably on the ground, when a man in uniform, who had been watching them, quickly approached.

"What are you doing here, my boy?" he asked. "Do you not know that it is getting late?"

"You see, sir, I am talking to my dog," replied Camille.

"Yes, I see," said the man, who had a pleasant voice. "I thought at first that you were a stray child, but I know by your fine clothes that I was mistaken."

Camille was shocked at the word "stray." He asked from a feeling which the man mistook for curiosity, but which was really deep anxiety:

"If I were a stray child, what would you do with me?"

"I should try to find where your parents lived, and I should take you to them."

"You are very good," said Camille, rising. "Do you always gather in stray children?"

"It is part of my duty," said the man. "I am a policeman, and I pick up wandering children."

Camille's blue eyes opened wide.

"And what do you do with them when they have no home?"

"Well, I will tell you," said the policeman, solemnly, "children who have no homes are generally little tramps or naughty runaways, and I take them to jail."

Camille's eyes opened wider, and his voice was not quite steady.

"And what would you do, if one of them was not that kind, only he was a little cousin that the old cousin had lost to get rid of him?"

The policeman laughed.

"That old cousin would be a very bad cousin. But all the same I should take the little cousin to jail, because sleeping on the streets is not permitted in Paris. And as soon as he got out of

jail, I should put him in a house where he could learn a trade."

"Would that place be like a boarding house?" asked Camille, at once puzzled and distressed.

"Not a bit. The little cousin would not be allowed to get out of that house for years and years, and he would not be allowed to have a pretty little dog like yours."

Camille was silent. He was thinking:

"It is very strange that people are forbidden to sleep in the street. Robinson Crusoe, on his island, was not troubled like that."

But to the policeman he said:

"Thank you, sir, very much. Good bye."

Then Camille took his little dog under his arm, and moved on.

"Where shall we go, Fox? We are worse off than Robinson Crusoe," whispered Camille. "The doors are all shut, and if we knock the people may treat us the way that bad woman did. I wonder where we can sleep. If we could

only find an empty house, would not that be nice, doggie?"

They were in front of an unfinished building. Before it was a scaffold from which hung a lighted lantern.

"O Fox! Here is a house with no doors or windows. We need not ask anybody, and there is no one to drive us out."

He was mistaken, for a hoarse voice cried:

"Who is there?"

Camille's heart sank. He could not answer. He could only say to himself, holding Fox tight:

"He will send us away."

Then Camille lifted his eyes to the sky where a thousand stars shone in the blue depths.

"Dear Lord," he said in his heart, "take pity on me! What will become of me if I find nowhere to sleep nor anything to eat? Do not let them put me in jail. I am another Robinson Crusoe, a thousand times more to be pitied in Paris than the real Robinson on his island!"

Camille's prayer was interrupted by another, "Who is there?" in a louder voice.

Fox answered with a prolonged bark.

"Ah! somebody is there!" shouted the voice again, and an old soldier, hobbling on a wooden leg and leaning on a cane, appeared. He was the watchman of the unfinished house.

"Is it you, young rascal, who made all that noise?"

"I did not know that I made a noise," answered Camille sadly.

"If you did not wake me, your dog did. Nobody can sleep on this noisy street."

"You sleep? It is good you can sleep at all sir," said Camille more sadly.

"I sleep! I sleep!" echoed the old soldier. "You see very well that I am not asleep. If I had a dog like yours, he would keep watch for me, and I could sleep. But the police have just poisoned my dog—my poor Austerlitz! He was my friend, my only friend, poor Austerlitz! Will you sell

me your dog, or rather will you give him to me? For I have no money to pay for him just now. I will name him Austerlitz. Any dog would be proud to have such a glorious name!"

"Listen, Mr. Soldier," said Camille. "He is not mine. I cannot sell him. But if you will let us sleep here to-night, we will watch for you."

"That is just the thing! just the thing!" shouted the old soldier. "Come in! Come in!"

He led Camille and Fox into a room where lay a heap of straw in the corner.

"Have you had supper? Are you hungry, boy?" he asked.

"Oh!" cried Camille, ashamed of his misery, "since this morning I have eaten only a piece of bread."

"Poor boy! Here, take this bit of veal—here is bread. If you want water, I believe there is some in that pitcher. I say *believe* because except to wash my hands and mustache, I do not see much of that kindly liquor. My eyes! How the boy eats! See him sweep the food off the board."

"Do you say that because you want some for to-morrow?" asked Camille, suddenly ceasing to eat.

"No—no! fall to, little soldier," answered the old man. "Eat! Daddy La Tuile is not sure enough of to-morrow to keep anything. Now I think of it, I talk and talk like an old magpie, instead of asking you how it is, that a boy like you is in the streets at night and alone."

"I cannot tell you," answered Camille. "It is too wicked."

"Wicked!" exclaimed the old soldier, "*you* have done something wicked? Oh, no—no—you never did anything wicked with that angel face! Oh, no—no!"

"It is not I. It is my grown-up cousin. If my dear Uncle knew what his son has done, it would make him feel badly. That is why I cannot tell you about it."

"Well—well," said the old soldier. "If the orders to our regiment had been no clearer than

this story you tell of your grown-up cousin, we should have been pretty bad soldiers. But sleep is making you wink your eyes. Good-night. Take care of yourself—Austerlitz, good-night."

So saying, the old soldier retired behind a little curtain hanging from a beam of the house. Camille stretched himself on the bundle of straw, and Fox lay down at his feet.

A moment after, the poor boy, plunged into sweet sleep, had forgotten all his troubles.

CHAPTER VII

FRIENDS IN NEED

THE next morning Camille was awakened by the furious barking of Fox and the sound of men's voices. It was the masons who had returned to their daily work on the house. They were staring at Camille.

"Heigh, Daddy La Tuile!" one of them called. "You seem to have taken in lodgers before the house is built."

"Not bad, are they? What do you think of them?" asked Daddy La Tuile, lifting his curtain and fixing his eyes on Camille, who, ashamed, tried to hide under the straw.

"Not bad! But I think that I would send the youngster back to his father and mother. They must be worried."

"I have no father and mother," cried Camille,

excitedly, sitting up and shaking the straw out of his hair.

"No father? no mother? Who takes care of you, then?" asked the masons, crowding around him.

"I did have my dear Uncle, but he is dead now," answered Camille, sadly.

"And you do not know where to sleep?"

"Where did your uncle live?"

"What did your uncle do?"

Camille was confused by so many questions.

"I am from Bordeaux. I was brought to Paris yesterday, and left alone like Robinson Crusoe."

"Who left you?" asked all the men together.

"I cannot tell you. My dear Uncle was so good, and he is in Heaven with the dear Lord—it would make him feel so badly—no, I cannot tell!"

"Bah!" said one of the masons. "You are a naughty boy. You have run away from home."

Camille grew red.

"Why should I run away from home?" he asked.

"Because you have been bad, and are afraid of being whipped. That is why you have run away!"

"I wish it were so, even if I had to be whipped when I went back!" sighed Camille.

"Why do you not tell us the truth?"

"Listen," said Camille, indignantly. "If you had a grown-up cousin who had done a wicked thing, would you tell of it?"

"Perhaps not," said one of the masons, "but we would thrash him well."

"I cannot do that, for I am smaller than he, and he is gone far away," replied Camille.

"What do you think about it?" asked the men of one another. "I do not believe the little chap knows where to get his breakfast."

"That is true," and as Camille spoke two great tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Never mind," said one of the masons. "I will

tell you what we can do, fellows. Let us each give him a little of our lunch, and all together that will make a square meal."

There was no time to say more, for a carriage stopped at the house. The masons, seizing their trowels, fell vigorously to work, and Camille was left alone in his corner. No, not quite alone—Fox was with him!

It was the contractor who had arrived. He was not deceived by the dashing way in which his men were handling their tools.

"Is nothing done yet?" he asked, impatiently.

"We were listening to this boy's story," explained the foreman.

"What is his story?" asked the contractor, staring at Camille through his glasses.

"Let me tell you," interrupted Daddy La Tuile, as he saw that the contractor seemed to take an interest in the sweet sad face of the deserted boy.

Then Daddy La Tuile told how he had found Camille, and how the poor boy did not wish to name the relative who had so cruelly deserted him.

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the contractor.

"Camille Ferrand."

"You have no father nor mother?—no family?"

Camille hung his head.

"You have been deserted by some one whose name you will not tell, you say?"

Camille lifted his head sorrowfully.

"What work can you do?"

"Nothing," murmured Camille.

"How is it your Uncle taught you nothing?"

"Oh, he did!" cried Camille. "My dear Uncle made me study Latin, and arithmetic, and geography, and to play the violin, and to dance."

"Then your Uncle was rich, was he?"

"I do not know. We did not need anything."

The contractor's eyes traveled over the slender figure of the boy.

"How old are you?" he asked doubtfully.

"Ten years old."

"Can you ride horseback?"

"Yes," said Camille. "I can ride with the saddle and without it."

"Good!" said the contractor. "Good! You will make a fine stable-boy and groom. Will you come with me?"

"No sir," said Camille, haughtily.

"And why not, I should like to know?"

"Because I do not wish to be a stable-boy."

"You are a lazy little scamp, a beggar," roared the contractor. "Take yourself off, and if you ever show yourself here again I will have you arrested for the tramp that you are!"

"Oh no, sir—oh no, do not do that!" implored Camille, clasping his hands. "I am not a tramp or lazy. Please give me something to do here. I will carry stone or lime. I will learn to be a

mason. But to be a stable-boy—oh no—I cannot do that!"

"But," said the contractor, "at my house you need only to drive in a carriage or ride on a horse."

"My dear Uncle would not like that! Oh no, sir, I cannot be a stable-boy!"

"Well, then," said the contractor, "be off, and never let me see you here again," and he lifted his cane.

Camille did not feel at all afraid of him. He simply said:

"Do not strike me, sir, I am not your servant," and he walked out of the house, followed by Fox.

"Refuse to be my groom, indeed!" said the contractor to Daddy La Tuile. "What do you think of that?"

Camille was in despair as he walked along. A sound made him turn his head. Some one behind him was calling, "Hi! Hi!" It was the old soldier who was following.

"Here," said Daddy La Tuile, thrusting an enormous piece of bread into Camille's hand. "The masons sent you this. You are a brave boy, and you spoke well. If you do not know where to sleep to-night, come back."

"Oh no," said Camille, shaking his head, "that was a bad man; I can never go back there."

Then, thanking the old soldier, Camille took the bread, and the two parted, both feeling very sorry.

CHAPTER VIII

GOING EXPLORING

AGAIN our little Robinson Crusoe and Fox were alone in the big city. Leading Fox by the string with one hand, and holding his piece of bread in the other, Camille walked slowly along. He was carrying his book, *Robinson Crusoe,* carefully under his arm.

" The first thing that Robinson did on his desert island," said he to himself, " was to travel over it and see what good things he could find."

So, munching his bread, and giving now and then a mouthful to Fox, Camille started to explore the long boulevard. The sight of each shop excited his wonder.

" How can one be in want of anything," he said to himself, " where there are so many beautiful things? How can any one die of hunger with pastry shops at every step? There are no sav-

ages. All the ladies smile and the men look pleasant. They will not eat me as the savages ate their prisoners on Robinson Crusoe's island."

As he paused before a tailor's shop, the tailor called to him:

"If you want a suit, come in, my lad, and we will fit you."

"Thank you," replied Camille, delighted with the courtesy of the man, "my coat is almost new, but when it is worn out I promise to come to see you."

"You will be satisfied with us," said the tailor.

Camille went on a little farther. A vender with a bundle of canes stopped him, calling:

"Buy from me! This little cane would suit you well! See, it is made of rush! How pliable it is! I will give it to you for nothing!—for nothing!"

"No, thank you," said Camille.

Then, emboldened by the obliging offers of these two merchants, Camille walked boldly into

the hallway of a large house. It was nearly noon, and the sun was burning hot.

"What do you want?" cried the porter, who was putting a patch on the seat of some trousers.

"The sun is very hot," answered Camille. "Will you let me sit down and rest a little?"

"You did not get up early enough to make game of me, you little rogue," replied the porter, and muttered some words which Camille did not understand, but which made him lose confidence.

"Let us go farther," he said to Fox, "perhaps everybody will not be so hateful as this old porter."

A few steps from this same house, Camille stopped before a shop window filled with fruits and other delicious things to eat. The shopkeeper, plump and good-natured looking, with his hands in his pockets, was standing before the door.

"Do you wish something, my lad?" he asked cordially.

"Yes, indeed," answered Camille.

"Come in then, and choose what you want," and the man stepped back to let him enter.

Camille obeyed, but suddenly remembering his trouble with the baker, he said:

"I must tell you first, I have no money."

The man looked at him sternly.

"If you have no money, what are you here for?"

"I have been deserted in this city," said Camille. "I am tired and hungry."

The shopkeeper drew a *sou* from his pocket.

"Here, take this and go. You are in my customers' way."

The sight of the *sou* was too much for Camille.

"I am not a beggar," he said, proudly, and left the shop, holding his head very high.

Seeing some chairs on the other side of the walk, he crossed over and sat down in one of them. An old woman advanced and silently held out her hand.

"What will you have?" asked Camille.

"I WISH I WAS ON A DESERT ISLAND", ANSWERED CAMILLE

"I will have two *sous* for your chair, little master."

"I have not any *sous,*" said Camille.

"Then sit on the ground," said the woman. And she caught the back of the chair and tipped it forward.

"You are a very bad woman!" exclaimed Camille, getting up.

"You do not have to pay anything here. Come over," called a boy's voice. It was a little chimney-sweep from the country, who was sitting on the ground. He was quite black with soot and held a monkey on his arm.

"I wish I was on a desert island," answered Camille, crossing over and sitting down beside him.

"What for? You would only starve."

"Have you read *Robinson Crusoe?*" demanded Camille.

"I do not know how to read," answered the sweep. "What is Robinson Crusoe?"

"This is it," and Camille showed his treasure.

"Why! that is only a book," exclaimed the sweep.

"It is a story of a man alone on a desert island," said Camille.

"Did he die there?" asked the sweep.

"Oh, no, he lived very well."

"It is a fairy book, your Robinson!" said the sweep.

"No, it is a true history," answered Camille. "Robinson Crusoe was just like me, only he was lost on a desert island."

"Foolishness! do not believe it!" said the sweep.

"It is not foolishness at all. If I were on Robinson Crusoe's island, I could sleep anywhere. I could sit down anywhere, and I could eat everything I saw. I will tell you about Robinson Crusoe.

"He made a grotto, and put a fence around it with his own trees. He caught animals, and made

clothes of their skins, and had milk, and made parasols out of feathers. Then he caught a savage and made a slave out of him. In Paris there are houses, and they drive you out of them. They will not let you sleep in the streets at night, nor sit in empty chairs. Now, would you not rather be on a desert island than here, where there is everything, but nobody lets you have anything?"

"No, I would not," answered the sweep promptly.

"Why not?"

"Because I can get work in Paris. How can I live if I cannot work?"

"What work?"

"In winter I clean chimneys," answered the sweep, cheerfully. "And in summer I show my monkey and run errands."

Camille thought a minute.

"I would like to work, too. Will you teach me to clean chimneys?"

"It is a poor trade in summer. Besides you

would spoil your clothes and your mother would scold."

"I have no mother," said Camille, sadly.

"Why did you quit your home?" inquired the sweep.

"It was my grown-up cousin who made me do it. He brought me here to lose me, and then ran away."

"Well! What do you think of that!" exclaimed the sweep.

Neither boy spoke for a minute, then Camille asked:

"If *you* have a mother, why did *you* go away and leave her?"

"Oh! that is another thing," answered the sweep. "My brother waxes floors for folks. He makes a lot of money, my brother does. I make money, too, with my monkey. And we send most of it home to my mother in the country."

"I wish I had a monkey!" sighed Camille.

"You have got your dog," said the boy. "To

be sure, dogs are not worth so much as monkeys. But I will tell you what to do. Do you see that place over there? That is a restaurant where rich gentlemen take their dinners. Go over there. You are well dressed, and you will get something. Go on, do not be afraid. There is my brother—good-bye."

The little sweep ran to meet his brother, and they went away together, hand in hand.

CHAPTER IX

DOG FRIDAY GOES A-HUNTING

It was nearly sunset when a waiter came out to draw up the awnings. He found Camille and Fox standing patiently before the restaurant.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Nothing," faltered Camille.

"Then go away."

"May I not stay here?" asked the poor boy in a discouraged voice.

"No—It is dinner time, and we cannot have children hanging around."

Camille stood up, and the dog did the same. They looked at each other as if to ask:

"Where shall we go?"

Then Fox ran into a side street, and Camille followed slowly. An alley led from the street to the kitchens of the restaurant, from which came the most delectable odors. Fox stopped,

sniffed, wagged his tail, bounded into the alley and disappeared.

He had slipped unnoticed into one of the kitchens. He was investigating the roasts and the ranges covered with kettles and saucepans, when the cook's boy spied him.

"O you pretty little dog! Where did you come from?"

Fox knew the voice of a friend and ran close to him. The boy caressed Fox, and Fox licked his hand.

Just then a waiter who was serving in the dining-room came out with a large remnant of chicken on a platter, saying:

"Here, throw this away, and wash the dish."

In an instant Fox looked first at the dish and then at the boy, his eyes saying as plainly as words could say:

"Please give it to me. Do not throw it away!"

"Here, take it," said the boy, putting the platter on the floor. "Where are you going?" he

added, as Fox seized the chicken and darted out of the door.

The boy would have followed, but he dared not leave his work. He was busy piling plates, when he felt something rubbing against his foot. It was Fox.

"So, you are back again! What do you want now?" he asked gaily. "Is this it?" and he held out a piece of bread.

Fox snatched it, and escaped a second time.

"Is he not droll? I wonder where he goes to eat that!" the boy was so excited that he unconsciously spoke aloud.

"What is that you are saying?" cried the head cook from the other side of the kitchen. "I declare, the youngster is jabbering to his dishes!"

"No, I am not. You should have seen the pretty little dog who was just here. He asked politely for scraps, and then ran away to eat them."

"If he comes back, let me know," said the head cook.

"Here he is now!" exclaimed the boy.

"He certainly is a handsome little fellow!" returned the head cook. "See, he is putting out his tongue. He is thirsty. Give him a drink. I cannot leave the ovens now, but don't let him escape."

"He will not drink," said the boy, pointing to Fox, who was standing before a bowl of water without touching it. He was looking at the boy as though begging him to do something.

"Perhaps he wants to drink where he was eating. Carry the bowl out for him, but do not let him get away," said the head cook.

When Fox saw the boy pick up the bowl of water, he ran to the door, then back again to the boy, then out of the door. The boy followed him.

Now, what had become of the chicken, the piece of bread and the bowl of water?

All this time, Camille had been resting on the curb, peering anxiously down the alley. A long while had passed and our little Robinson Crusoe was in despair, when Fox appeared. He was carrying in his mouth a piece of chicken, and he laid it on Camille's knee. Then he sat down and began wagging his tail and licking his lips, with an air that needed no words to say:

"Eat, but do not forget me."

"Where did you get this? Did you steal it?" asked Camille.

Fox yelped indignantly.

"Did someone give it to you?"

Fox's silence meant "Yes."

"It is a good piece of chicken. Delicious!" said Camille, turning it over. "It is as good as we had at my dear Uncle's. But, Fox, we need bread."

Fox understood. He trotted off again, and quickly came back with the bread.

"If I am Robinson Crusoe, you surely are my

man Friday!" exclaimed Camille, delightedly, hugging Fox. "Now, we will have dinner."

Fox took his place opposite his master. They dined together, dividing the pieces.

"Here, Fox, the bones to you, the meat to me," said Camille. "The inside of the bread to me, the crust to you."

They were friends, each one showed his affection in his own way. Camille's hand caressed the dog, and the dog licked Camille's hand and gazed up into his face. Then, how they did enjoy that chicken! and the bread! Only the good things were too soon finished!

"Now we need a drink," said Camille, and Fox agreed. Again Fox visited the alley.

This time he did not return alone. Somebody was following him. Camille trembled as he heard footsteps, and thought:

"Perhaps Fox has stolen that chicken and bread, and the man is coming to make me pay for it."

But he was mistaken. It was not an angry man. It was only the good-natured boy bringing the bowl of water.

"Well!" he exclaimed when he saw Camille, who was nibbling at the wing of the chicken. "The chicken and the bread were for you, and the water, too, I do believe!"

"Yes," answered Camille. "I hope you are not angry because Fox divided them with me."

In his excitement the boy would have let fall the bowl, had not Camille taken it from him.

"O the love of a dog!" he exclaimed, and rushed back to the kitchen, shouting:

"Come and see! Come and see!"

"What is it? What is it?" cried all the servants together.

Not stopping to answer, the boy raced back. Cooks and waiters were starting after him in full chase, when the loud ringing of the head cook's bell sent them about their business faster than they had left it—all except the boy, who stayed behind to whisper:

"Wait for me, and I will bring you something good," and off he ran.

"My little Fox," said Camille, patting the dog, "you see what you have done by sharing your dinner with me; and now they are to give us another. Dear friend, just suppose I had driven you away when, covered with blood, you threw yourself at my feet. Yesterday you found me a drink of water. And now you find me a dinner. We will never part, poor Fox, I love you—and you—do you love me?"

As if he understood, Fox began to roll at Camille's feet, and look up at him tenderly, while he barked softly.

"Yes—you do—you love me," whispered Camille. "Poor doggie! you are not wicked like Cousin Gustave. You would not have abandoned me in this great Paris, where nobody pays any attention to one. If only I knew how to work!—There, I hear the boy coming!"

Just then the boy came back, carrying an old

covered basket. He seemed very much excited, almost breathless.

"Do you care for your dog?" he panted.

"I love him," answered Camille.

"Then get him off quickly, for the head cook means to take him away from you."

"To take away Fox!" exclaimed Camille. "What right has he to do that?"

"No right, but he will do it just the same, he is stronger than you. If you wait till he finishes cooking the dinner, he will get your dog sure. Here are some scraps for you to eat in this basket. Take it and run."

Quite bewildered by the fear of losing his dog, Camille took the basket, and, leading Fox by the string, commenced walking aimlessly along. Night was come, but many brilliant lights made the streets as bright as day.

Now, it happened, they were not far from the unfinished house where they had spent the night before. Camille's heart beat fast as he stood before it.

"Daddy La Tuile—will he take me in?" he whispered to himself. "How dreadful it is not to know where to sleep. O Gustave! Gustave!"

Camille knocked on a board that was laid across the entrance. A hoarse voice answered:

"Is that you, Austerlitz?"

"Yes—and little Robinson Crusoe, too," said Camille. "Will you take us in?"

"You are late, my boy," said the old soldier, drawing back the board so that Camille could enter.

"Did you expect me?" asked Camille in surprise.

"Sure, I did. I have been expecting you. Your bed is ready. And here is your supper, and a pie for Austerlitz," he added, holding a bone under Fox's nose.

"Thank you," said Camille, "but supper is in this basket."

"Keep it for breakfast," said Daddy La Tuile. "And while you are eating, tell me why you would not be the contractor's stable-boy."

" Because my dear Uncle did not educate me to be a stable-boy—and," added Camille frankly, beginning to eat, " I would not be one myself."

" But," said Daddy La Tuile, " you must earn your living, you see! "

" I know that I must, and I am going to begin to work to-morrow," replied Camille, feeling quite as brave as any soldier.

Daddy La Tuile did not know whether to smile or to be sorry, as he looked at the resolute boy.

" All right," he said. " To-night we will go to bed and let Austerlitz watch."

A little later Camille, the old soldier, and Fox, were all three sleeping soundly under the beams of the unfinished house.

CHAPTER X

CAMILLE'S GREAT PLAN

THE next day at dawn Camille, who had been awake for a long time, got up as the masons came in.

"Mr. Masons," he asked, turning red with embarrassment, "will you teach me your trade?"

"You are not strong enough, my boy," said one of the men.

Another said, "You will have to be an apprentice, and it takes a long time and costs money. What will you do about that?"

"If you will teach me what you know, I will teach you what I know," answered Camille.

"And what do you know?"

"I know how to play the violin and to write."

"We do not need to play the violin, and we must read before we write," said another mason.

"I will teach you to read, and you will teach

me to lay stones," answered Camille. "You know I must earn my living and Fox's."

"Yes, you really must do that," said the masons.

"Now, did you ever hear the like of that?" exclaimed Daddy La Tuile. "When I was a slip of a boy, it would never have entered my head to teach any one to read. To be sure, I could never read a word myself."

"I will teach you to read, if you like," said Camille.

"I am too old for that," answered the old soldier, "but you may read to me about the war, since you know how."

"Listen, fellows," proposed one of the masons, "why not let the boy give us lessons at meal hours, and we will furnish the food for him. I am sure that Daddy La Tuile will give him a bed. Then he will know where to eat and where to sleep."

The bargain was made, and when the kind-

hearted masons took their first lesson the reading book was *Robinson Crusoe.*

Afterward, Daddy La Tuile brought out a parcel of torn newspapers.

" Now read to me about the war," he said, " and it will carry me back to those good old times."

" The good old times when people fought each other! " said Camille, laughing.

" They were good enough for me, and I would give another leg for my Country, if need be," said Daddy La Tuile.

So from day to day, our little Robinson Crusoe, although he was a boy abandoned among strangers, passed a happy life. He slept on the hard floor, it is true, but at ten years one sleeps as well on straw as on a bed of down. And a kindly fruit seller, who had her stall near by, kept his clothes clean and neat.

Often he had only bread and soup to eat, but it was fun to be with the jolly masons. He gave them a reading lesson in the morning, and another

about their homes. Such jollity! One talked about his sister—another about his friend—one about his father—another of his dear mother.

Camille said nothing. He was thinking: "I have nobody in this world," when he felt a warm tongue softly touching his hand. Fox knew that he needed comfort. His eyes were saying:

"Do not forget that you have me."

At noon, they came to a little inn. Over the door was a sign:

MEETING PLACE FOR COMRADES

"That is for us!" cried the masons, and they entered with shouts and seated themselves.

Fox showed that he was used to being served. He sprang on a bench beside Camille.

After the jolly banquet was finished, and when it was growing late, one of the masons exclaimed:

"Well, fellows, it is better to travel by cool moonlight than in the hot sunshine. So let us go on to our homes."

"Good! good!" cried the other masons in great glee. They had all seized their bags when they heard a plaintive voice say:

"What shall Fox and I do?"

The masons looked at one another. They had forgotten Camille.

"No harm done," said one. "Let us put our hands in our pockets and give our schoolmaster a drive. He has earned it. Has he not taught us to read and write?"

"Good!" and each man put a twenty *sou* piece in Camille's hand.

"That makes ten *francs*. They belong to you. Nobody in this world works for nothing. You must call a cab, and tell the driver where to take you. Good-bye, good-bye, little schoolmaster! Give us your paw, Fox! Off we go!" and the masons marched away, singing.

Camille stood looking after them sorrowfully as they disappeared. Then he put the ten *francs* in his pocket, and took the road toward home.

Fox, who had feasted all day, could not understand why anyone should be sad.

"What will you charge to drive me to the rue Louis le Grand?" asked Camille, stopping the driver of a cab.

"Thirty *sous,* little master, and whatever tip you are generous enough to give."

Camille was obeying the masons, but now he thought:

"Thirty *sous!* If I spend that I shall have only eight *francs* and ten *sous* left. I would rather buy tobacco for Daddy La Tuile. He will like that. I do not need to ride. I have a tongue, and I will ask my way if I cannot find it myself."

"Are you not going to get in, little gentleman?" asked the driver, opening the door of the cab.

"I think I will walk, thank you," answered Camille, very happy in imagining Daddy La Tuile's enjoyment of the tobacco.

CHAPTER XI

SAVAGES AND FRIENDS

Our little Robinson Crusoe did not know that when the masons gave him the money, two bad looking men stood close by. They were following him now, but he did not see them. He did not notice that Fox was becoming very uneasy, and was growling now and then.

No sooner were Camille and Fox arrived in a lonely part of the city than one of the men stepped forward. He tried to speak like a foreigner:

"Will you please direct me to the rue d'Orleans?"

"I do not live in Paris," answered Camille. "I do not even know where my own street, rue Louis le Grand, is. I have to ask my way there."

"How well it is we have met!" exclaimed the second man, stepping forward and speaking as if he had never seen the other man. "Those two streets are close to each other, and I am obliged

to cross them to reach my house. I shall be glad to show you both the way."

"How kind you are!" cried the man who pretended to be a foreigner. "I am from South America. I am very rich and I will reward you generously for myself and for this boy, too, who probably has no money of his own. I saw him stop a cab and then not get in."

"Oh yes!" said Camille, "I have ten *francs,* but I do not want to spend them. I can walk and ask my way."

"That is very wise," said the obliging foreigner. "Have you been long in Paris? Are your parents rich? How comes it you are alone?"

Without saying anything about his bad cousin, Camille told him how he had been abandoned. The two bad looking men began to talk together in low tones.

"It's ten *francs* any way," suddenly growled one of the men.

"What do you say?—ten *francs?*" asked Camille, without any suspicion.

"I was saying to this gentleman," answered the foreigner, "that I would pay him ten *francs* to take us both home."

Camille was about to tell him that the cab driver did not charge so much, but he did not like to hurt the feelings of such an obliging person. Then, for the first time, he noticed the restlessness of Fox, who seemed to be trying to lead his little master toward a part of the street where there were people.

"Let us go over there," said Camille to the men, "Fox sees people and lights. He does not like it here."

The strangers exchanged glances.

"No matter," said one.

Fox, who was trotting ahead, suddenly stopped and paused. A man was lying across the pavement. He was an old man. He had fallen and was groaning as he tried to rise.

Camille sprang toward him.

"Are you hurt, sir?"

"Alas! I am blind!" and the old man kept repeating, "What can I do? what can I do?"

"O please," said Camille to the strangers, "let us lead this old man to his home."

"Do you think it is our business to take everybody home?" said the foreigner, gruffly.

"Wait a minute, Mr. South American. Think what it is to be blind and hurt. Did you come alone?" and Camille helped the old man to his feet.

"I came with my dog, who always led me. He must have been poisoned. He is dead! My only friend—my poor Medor!"

"Come, boy, come," exclaimed the foreigner, impatiently.

"In just a minute," replied Camille. "You are so good about taking me home. I know you will help this poor old man. Do you want us to put you in a cab and take you home?" he asked the old man.

"No, no! I do not want to go there. O my poor wife! My poor daughter!"

"Come along, boy, we cannot waste any more time," said one of the strangers, roughly jerking Camille's arm.

"Just a minute, please," begged Camille. "You see, I know what it is to be alone, and I am not blind, either."

"And your arm was not hurt—perhaps broken," added the blind man.

"Your arm broken?" cried Camille.

"My dog is dead," sighed the blind man. "I tried to walk alone. I fell here. Alas! and to-night I might have made money enough with my violin to pay our rent. If it is not paid to-morrow, I do not know what I shall do."

"With your violin?" asked Camille.

"Yes, my child."

"Must a person be very skilful to earn money with the violin?" asked Camille, while the two bad men, the ugly looking men, consulted together in low tones.

"Indeed, no," said the old man. "I have played

only one tune for thirty years, and only a part of that tune. We have always got along."

Camille turned to the strangers.

"He knows one tune, and I know four. We must wait till I earn money for him to go home. Then I will thank you to take me with you."

"The boy is crazy," muttered the foreigner, forgetting, in his rage, to mispronounce his French.

"Why, how well you speak French!" exclaimed Camille in astonishment, looking at the man, and observing for the first time his false and ferocious face.

"You are a good boy," said the blind man. "I know by your voice that you are a good boy. You must obey your parents."

"These men are not my parents. I do not know them," said Camille. "They offered to take me home. They have bad hearts and will not help you! Let them go away."

"We will make you come with us," said the

man in good French who had pretended to be a foreigner. And each of the bad men laid a hand on Camille's shoulder.

Camille was frightened, but fear gave him courage to cry out:

"You have no right to take me. Let me go! Let me go! Or I shall call *thieves* as loud as I can."

At that word, the men turned and fled.

"They are gone! Why did they run away?" said Camille, looking after them in astonishment.

"Have you money with you, and did they know it?" asked the blind man.

"I told them that I had ten *francs*," replied Camille.

"Then your kindness to me has saved you from being robbed. They were thieves."

"Thieves," said Camille, looking uneasily about him. "I never thought of that. Let us hurry to where those people are passing. Can you walk?"

"I will try," said the blind man. "My arm hurts me very badly. Perhaps it is only bruised. Will you give me your hand to guide me? Where do you live?"

"Rue Louis le Grand," said Camille, letting the old man lean on his shoulder.

"Well, I live near that street. If I do not return home by midnight, my daughter will come to look for me, then we will take you to your home. So don't be afraid."

"And while we are waiting, I am going to earn money for you with your violin," said Camille. "Come on, Fox!"

Fox was dancing happily around the blind man, licking his hand.

"That is strange," said Camille, "Fox growled at those men, and now he likes you."

"Dogs have wonderful instinct," said the blind man. "He knows that you have found a friend."

As they walked along, Camille told the blind man his adventures since he had arrived in Paris.

the blind man in a low and broken voice. "If I cannot get twenty-five *francs* this night, to-morrow we shall be without a roof over our heads—my poor wife, who has been paralyzed for two years—my daughter, who has never known a happy day!—while my son drinks up his wages! Take courage, dear boy—I hear the *sous* falling into the wooden bowl!"

CHAPTER XII

THE PRETTY MARIE

THEN Camille played his best. People stopped to listen, and a little crowd gathered around. Everybody exclaimed at the graceful way Camille fingered his bow, and at his sweet playing. Each person dropped money into the bowl with a word of praise or encouragement.

The *sous* fell fast. When it grew late and the tables were deserted, Camille said:

"Everybody is gone."

"Ah well!" sighed the blind man. "We will count the money and divide."

"Divide!" exclaimed Camille. "We will not divide! I only played to help you. I have ten *francs,* you know, I am quite rich."

Just then the proprietor of the restaurant came out, rubbing his hands.

"Now that the tables are empty, come and

sit down, my good man. You and your little musician must have something to eat. What will you have? Something refreshing to drink? a cream? some cake?"

"You have never been so kind to me before, sir," said the surprised blind man, as he seated himself.

The proprietor laughed:

"Bless you! Generally your violin drives my patrons away, but to-night, your boy has filled my tables. Make yourselves comfortable, eat, drink, and come back to-morrow."

While the party of three—Fox being the third—were enjoying the unexpected feast, a pretty young girl, all in tears, came hurrying in. She was the blind man's daughter.

"O my precious father!" she exclaimed. "It is nearly midnight. How you have frightened mother and me!"

"Much has happened, Marie. I have lost my dog and hurt my arm. But for this boy, you

might never have seen me again. Look at what he has earned for me. Sit down and count it."

The young girl began putting the money into piles of twenty *sous* each.

"If only there is enough," she faltered. "The landlord says that he will take all we have—even my pigeons—if we do not pay to-morrow. Here is the money! twenty *sous* in each pile," and she counted the piles. "O father! What shall we do? There are only fifteen *francs!*"

"And ten make twenty-five," said Camille softly, taking his own money from his pocket and laying it beside the other.

"Then you had part of the money hidden in your pocket!" cried the young girl.

"Hidden," repeated Camille, indignantly. "These ten *francs* are my own. I give them to you to make up the amount you need. It is good that I did not ride in the cab, or you could not have had them."

"Your ten *francs*. I will not take them!"

exclaimed the blind man. " Keep them yourself. Give him back his ten *francs,* Marie. They are all that he has in the world—And he gives them to me! Where is he? Where is my kind young friend? Give me your hand that I may kiss it."

The poor man was trembling and in tears.

Marie, astonished at this scene, regarded first her father and then Camille.

" Please take the ten *francs,*" insisted Camille. " My dear Uncle said that men are made to help each other. I am not a man, but I want to help you, and maybe you will help me some day."

" Take the ten *francs,* my good man," said a stout gentleman who had seated himself at the next table. " I would give them to you myself, but I want the boy to have the pleasure of doing a kindness. To-morrow I will give them back to him. I cannot stay now. To-morrow I hope to see you again."

A carriage was waiting for him.

" Peter," he said to the coachman, " I will go

on foot, while you drive these people to their homes and get the boy's address. " To-morrow, my friends," added he, helping the blind man into the carriage, " I will see you all." And to Camille he said, " Good-bye, my little friend."

Daddy La Tuile, who had been anxiously awaiting Camille, was astonished to see him step out of the carriage.

That night Camille and Fox had a long and wonderful story of their adventures to tell him.

CHAPTER XIII

LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE'S FARM

CAMILLE spent the rest of the night on the straw as comfortably as he would have slept on a good bed. When he woke, Daddy La Tuile and the stout gentleman were standing beside him, talking in a low voice.

" So, poor lad," said the stout gentleman as he saw Camille open his eyes, " you have been abandoned and your conscience will not let you tell the name of the monster who did this to you? But here are ten *francs* that I owe you. Let me see—what can I do for you? Do not be downhearted, my boy. We will find work for you. What can you do? "

Camille hesitated, but took the money offered him. " I know how to read, to write, and to play the violin, and perhaps I can do other things."

" Listen," said the gentleman, whose name was Mr. Raimond. " We must get work for you. I

have gained my own fortune in the manufacture of cotton caps, socks, and stockings. I am here in Paris on business for one week. But I own a piece of ground on the edge of the city. How would you like to be its caretaker? It is fenced in. There are planks and stakes and garden tools and some fine fruit trees. There is a station of volunteer night police close by. Shall you be afraid?"

"Afraid of what?" asked Camille. "Of thieves? I have ten *francs,* but I will hide them so carefully that no one shall find them."

"Pardon me," said Daddy La Tuile, "what will be the caretaker's wages?"

"Not much, to be sure!" answered Mr. Raimond, laughing. "For the present he may build himself a house with the boards there. He may eat all the fruit he likes and plant his own vegetables. And while he builds and plants, he shall not starve. Now and then I will send him provisions. What do you think about it Camille?"

"We like it, Fox and I.—But please, Mr. Raimond, wait a minute."

And taking things for granted, Camille got up and ran out of the room and across the street to a little shop. Soon he came back, bringing a package of tobacco and a clay pipe. Its bowl was a head wearing a three-cornered hat.

"Here, Daddy La Tuile, I have brought you your Emperor."

"My Emperor! The great Bonaparte!" and Daddy La Tuile took it delightedly. "Thank you, Robinson Crusoe. The first holiday I get I will smoke with you."

"Where is my book?" cried Camille. "Now I am ready, Mr. Raimond."

"So you broke into your ten *francs,* did you?" said Mr. Raimond, getting into the carriage, and putting Camille and Fox on the opposite seat.

"It was a surprise for Daddy La Tuile," explained Camille. "He is so good to me."

"What is the name of that big book you are taking such care of?" asked Mr. Raimond.

"It is *Robinson Crusoe.* He was on a desert island. He was better off than I was in a city full of people."

"But your troubles did not last long," said Mr. Raimond, comfortingly.

"That is so," agreed Camille, "but you know I learned from the chimney-sweep that in Paris one must work for his living."

"That is a good lesson. But here is your farm," said Mr. Raimond, as the horses drew up before a large piece of ground. It was fenced in by an old stone wall, broken down in places. Mr. Raimond opened a narrow door in the fence.

"Here is your meadow, and here is your orchard," he said.

Camille could see that a part of the ground was covered with thick grass, and that in the other part were many fine trees, their branches bending under the weight of ripening fruit. He could not believe his eyes. He could only say:

"It is too beautiful!"

"When you cut your grass," said Mr. Raimond, "you may sell it all to the marketwomen for their rabbits. And over there you will find work enough."

He pointed to the boards and garden tools heaped in a corner.

"And may I spade and dig, and build my house with the boards?" asked Camille.

"Surely you may."

"Then Fox and I are just like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday!" exclaimed Camille.

"Just like him, only different," said Mr. Raimond. "I am glad that you are pleased."

"Oh, Mr. Raimond! If only I could do something for you!" cried Camille.

"You are doing everything, when you and your dog keep my fruit trees from robbers. When Fox barks at night, you must blow this whistle, and the police outside will hear you and come directly."

"Yes, sir," said Camille. "I will do just as you say. I mean to begin my house to-night."

"I wish that I might help you more, but I am going away for two or three months. You will do well to build in the angle of the wall, where you will be protected from the north wind, and have two sides for your house. I would take you home with me, but my wife has lost a boy about your age, and the sight of you would make her unhappy. However, you will be better off here than roaming the streets. There is a carpenter nearby, and I will tell him to provide you with what you need. Good-bye, new Robinson Crusoe! —But who is this?"

A pretty young girl was coming toward them. It was Marie. She was holding something under her apron—something that moved and cooed softly.

"I knew I should find you here, my little friend," she said, curtesying to Mr. Raimond, but speaking to Camille. "My father sent me to say

MARIE OPENED HER APRON AND SHOWED A PRETTY PAIR OF WHITE PIGEONS

that he will never forget your kindness, and, as soon as he can, he will return your ten *francs.*"

"He does not owe me anything. It is Mr. Raimond—"

Camille stopped speaking, for Marie opened her apron and showed a pretty pair of white pigeons.

"They are for you," she said, smiling. "They are to show you that I am grateful."

"For me! This pair of pigeons!" cried Camille with joy. "For me, Marie? What shall I do with them? Where shall I keep them?"

"Eat them for your dinner," said Mr. Raimond, getting into his carriage. "Good-bye, Robinson Crusoe. Take good care of my pears. Blow the whistle at the first sign of anything wrong."

Mr. Raimond left as fast as his horses could gallop. He wanted to get away from Camille's thanks. Marie, too, went soon, leaving the pigeons securely tied.

Camille entered the garden and looked around.

"Here is my desert island," he said to himself. "Only, Robinson Crusoe's island was surrounded by water, and mine is by big stones. But I have more than he. I have a dog and two pigeons. I am happier."

All the same, the loneliness saddened Camille a little, so he began to talk to Fox and to stroke the pigeons. The sun was setting and this made him think of a shelter for the night, so he decided to begin to build at once.

Choosing the corner which Mr. Raimond had pointed out, he laid planks of equal size one beside the other. This was for his floor. Then he tried to stand other boards upright for the wall, but that he could not do. He raised the end of one of the heavy boards, but he dropped it.

"It is too heavy, Fox. Perhaps to-morrow we can do it. Let us put the pigeons to bed, and go to sleep under the stars."

After sharing a piece of bread with Fox, he

made a soft nest with grass for the pigeons. But his next thought was:

"Why should not Fox and I sleep on a good bed, too?"

Soon said—soon done. Before many minutes grass enough for a soft couch was piled together in a mound on the boards. And in only a few minutes more, Fox and Camille were sound asleep.

CHAPTER XIV

LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE

THE next morning Camille awoke a little stiff from lying on the boards. He rose, fed Fox and the pigeons, and began to plan his house.

"These boards will never do," he said to himself. "I must use stones, rough stones—but I need cement."

Then taking a cup Marie had given him, he went out at the gate to find water. Walking along the road, he met a gang of masons going to their work.

"I will ask them to help me build my house," thought Camille.

"Will you please do me a favor?" he said to the youngest mason.

"*I* do you a favor?" answered the mason, roughly.

"You or one of these gentlemen," said Camille,

hesitating. "I have a little house to build in that lot, and perhaps you will be good enough—"

"To build it for you," finished the youngest mason.

"Shall we make four stories, or seven?" asked another.

"With pillars," said a third.

"Perhaps it is a castle that the young gentleman wishes," said a fourth.

"And how much do you pay by the day?" added the youngest mason, with a burst of laughter in which all the others joined.

Camille was taken aback by all this ill-natured joking, but he lifted his head bravely, and said:

"We are in the world to help each other. I cannot build houses, but I can read and write and play the violin."

"Then read and write and play the violin, and build your house with that."

"You do not understand. If one of you wants

to learn to read and write, I will teach you. If you only will give me a little help with your hand."

"I will give you a great help with my foot," said the young man to whom Camille had first spoken, and he made a motion to carry out his threat. But a little hand tapped him on his shoulder, and a girl's voice said:

"Are you not ashamed, brother, to kick a boy?"

"So, it is Miss Marie. Good morning," said the other masons, politely.

"Who is he, this boy?" asked her brother, roughly.

"I do not know who he is," answered Marie with enthusiasm, seizing Camille's hand, "but I am going to tell you what he has done."

Then, while she clasped Camille's hand in hers, she told how he had earned money to help their blind father, when he had fallen helpless in the street. The men grew very serious, and looked at Camille with respect.

When they heard how he had given all he had

in the world that the blind man and his family might have a home, they exclaimed:

"Good for him! We were unkind to your little friend, and we are more than sorry. Shake hands, boy," and each mason pressed Camille's small hand in his rough brawny one—except the blind man's son, the youngest mason. He stood apart. He was ashamed.

"I know you are sorry, Paul," said Marie, gently, "when you remember how you spent all your wages in the wine shop. But now I am sure that you will not do that any more."

"No," answered Paul. "I am a wretch! I shall never go to the wine shop again, for I ought to throw myself into the river. I do not deserve to live."

"Do not talk that way any more. It is wicked, brother," said Marie. "You must live and take care of our poor old father. Now here is your lunch," and she lifted a bowl from the basket hanging on her arm.

"I do not want it," said Paul. "I do not deserve to eat. Give it to the little chap."

"Do you suppose that I forgot him?" said Marie, taking another bowl from the basket.

"O! did you think of me?" exclaimed Camille, his blue eyes shining at the prospect of breakfast.

"Yes, indeed. And I have brought you something to keep house with—a jug for water, and a dish for pigeon pie, and a spoon, and a knife."

Marie and Camille were talking so earnestly that they did not see the masons whispering together.

"Boy," said the eldest mason, "you live on Mr. Raimond's grounds, do you not? Well, to-morrow you may parade up and down there with your hands in your pockets, for you will have nothing to do. I will tell you why. This afternoon, when we have finished our job, there will be three hours of daylight left. There are twenty of us, and if we do not get your house ready before bedtime, it will not be our fault. You have worked

for the blind father of our comrade, and given him your last *sou*. Now we will help you. Count on your friends."

"Yes, count on us," said Paul.

True to their word, the masons returned before sunset. They brought with them trowels and troughs of cement, and tools of all sorts. Camille showed them the chosen corner, and how they did work! putting stone upon stone, and fastening them with cement. After finishing the walls of the little house, they laid boards over them for a roof, and covered them with tiles.

"We will make it perfect to-morrow," said the men, "when we put the window panes in."

"I will bring a door," said one.

"I will bring a mattress," said another.

"And I, a chair."

"Nobody shall leave me behind," laughed another, "I will bring a coverlet and a table."

"Oh, how good you all are to me!" cried Camille.

Paul, who had worked hard, perhaps hardest of all, was the only one who did not offer anything. He was ashamed to do it.

"Will you shake hands," said Camille to him, "that I may thank you as I did the others."

"You shall thank me when I have earned enough to pay back the ten *francs* that you gave my father," answered Paul.

"I have no need of them," answered Camille. "Mr. Raimond gave them back. And then they have brought me more than if I had kept them in my pocket. It is to these ten *francs* that I owe this ground and this house."

"And friends, too," interrupted the oldest mason. "Your good heart merits it all. A kindness is never lost."

"O no," said another mason, "God will return it a hundred fold."

Then the masons bade Camille good-night.

CHAPTER XV

AGAIN—SAVAGES AND FRIENDS

After the men had left, Camille entered for the first time his little house, and, kneeling down, thanked God for it. He had not finished his prayer, which was longer than usual, when Fox, who sat on the doorsill, began growling and looking toward a corner of the garden.

Two figures were gliding towards the fruit trees. Camille did not wait, but seizing the whistle, he blew shrilly. At the sound, the figures fled to a part of the wall where the stones had fallen out, and there disappeared.

The next minute Camille heard the footsteps of the night-police, and voices, and someone calling:

"Who is there?" and then:

"We have got them! We are holding them!"

Camille ran out of the gate. He saw the police surrounding two bad looking men. The thieves

were caught. The light from the police lanterns shone on their faces.

"O Fox!" shouted Camille in surprise "These are the two strangers who wanted our ten *francs!*"

"Who are you, youngster?" asked the police captain.

"It was I who blew the whistle," answered Camille, proudly.

"What! and are you the boy my Uncle Raimond told me about?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know these men?" and he pointed to the two bad men, whose arms the other policemen were tying.

"I know them," replied Camille without hesitation, and he told of his adventure with the two thieves.

"I know the rest of your story," said the police captain, "everyone ought to hear it. Listen to this, neighbors," and he told the story of the blind man.

"Would you not have done it, if you had known how to play the violin?" asked Camille. "Besides, if I had not lent my ten *francs* I should not have my house. Will you come and see it?"

"Your house!" echoed Mr. Raimond's nephew. "If you have found a perch in my Uncle's grounds, you ought to be happy."

"Come and see," and Camille caught his hand and drew him forward, while the other policemen followed.

"Is this where you live?" they exclaimed, when they saw the bare walls and the heap of grass in the corner.

"Yes," said Camille. "When I had my dear Uncle I should not have liked it here, but now I am glad not to sleep on the street and be picked up by the policemen and sent to jail like a tramp. Oh, yes, I am glad to have such a fine place."

"How do you happen to be here at all?" they asked.

"That is what I must not tell. I must not speak evil of my grown-up cousin."

"Men," said the captain, "we must do something for this boy."

"I am not rich," said one man, "but I am a shoemaker by trade, and I charge myself to replace his shoes. Meanwhile, here are five *francs.*"

"And I," said another, "will send him a camp-bed and a mattress."

"Here is my contribution," said another, offering some money.

"And mine."

"And mine."

The captain took the contributions from all hands to give to Camille, but the boy drew back, blushing.

"I cannot take it, I have not earned it. I do not know why it is, but I do not like to take money from everybody. If you would give me work, I would take it."

The captain thought for a minute.

"Can you read and write well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, listen, I am a printer. One of my proof-readers needs a boy to help him. Come to this address to-morrow, and you shall have work. So keep this money as a loan, and pay us later."

"I shall be so glad," said Camille, gratefully, "and I will pay it all back."

The men shook hands with him and went away.

Camille counted his money with joy, saying to himself:

"People are right when they say that one gains more by doing good than by doing evil. To-morrow I will beg Marie to buy me some shirts and stockings."

He rose early. The hope of getting work had been running through his head all night. After eating a piece of bread and some radishes left over from the night before, he fed his pigeons. Then, accompanied by Fox, as he left the garden, he met the captain of the police, who was on his way to the printing shop.

"We meet just in time, my boy," he said, "I

will take you with me, and start you in your work."

So in a short time, Camille found himself in the office of the printing shop.

"Mr. Germain," said the captain, presenting Camille to an old gentleman half of whose face was hidden by a green shade protecting his eyes, "here is a lad to help you."

"Have you ever seen a printing shop?" asked Mr. Germain, smiling. "No—well, before we begin work I am going to show you the presses."

By the time that day was over, Mr. Germain and Camille were like a pair of friends, and Camille had told Mr. Germain everything. There was not anything that Camille had not told him, and Mr. Germain had taken Camille to his heart.

"You shall have your meals with me," he said. "You will earn thirty *sous* each day, that makes nine *francs* a week. Out of that you may pay my wife five *francs* a week for your luncheon and dinner. Does that please you?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Camille. "I am so glad to be with you! And God has not left me! I thank Him."

"You are a good boy," said Mr. Germain. "That kind heart of yours will always make friends for you. It has done so now. If you had driven away that poor wounded dog instead of giving him a part of your *sou's* worth of bread, the old soldier would not have let you sleep in his house; and if you had not taught the masons to read, the masons would not have given you the ten *francs.* It is true that the thieves almost got the *francs,* but they did not get them because your kind heart made you help the blind man. Then if you had not given him the ten *francs,* Mr. Raimond would not have made you caretaker of his fruit, and the blind man's son and his comrades would not have built a little house for you, and you would not be working today in one of the best printing houses in Paris. And I expect that some

other day, the dog and these ten *francs* will bring you into a fortune!"

Camille laughed heartily.

"And while I am waiting for it, my shoes are in holes and my stockings, too, and Fox and I sleep on a bed of leaves, like Robinson Crusoe."

As Mr. Germain promised, Camille was received into the printing house of Mr. Raimond's nephew at the rate of thirty *sous* a day. Mr. Germain presented Camille to his wife. That good lady did not know whom to pet the most, Camille or Fox. And, when after dinner, Camille bade her good-night, he walked with a gay heart lightly along the boulevard, followed by Fox.

CHAPTER XVI

WONDERS GROW

When Camille reached his garden, he found Marie at the gate waiting for him. She was holding a handkerchief folded like a necktie.

"Come, let me bandage your eyes," she said merrily, and fastened the handkerchief over his eyes.

"Are we going to play Blind Man's Buff, Marie?" he asked, bending his head.

Marie, without answering, tied the bandage tight. Then, seizing his hand, she dragged him along, running.

Soon he felt under his feet the hard floor of his house. He heard smothered laughter and whispers, and the sound of people's feet walking carefully. Marie slipped off the bandage.

He looked around him. What was his surprise! He was in a pretty room, completely fur-

nished. The bare rough walls were covered with a lovely paper, yellow with blue flowers. There were windows and a door. On one side stood an iron bedstead with its mattress, pillow, and coverlet. On the other, a little oak wardrobe, half open, showed clothes on its shelves. At the foot of the bed was a small cupboard closed, but from which escaped the appetizing odors of good things to eat. And there was a pine table, and two chairs.

Camille was not sure whether he was awake or dreaming. He heard a burst of laughter, and Marie pinched him mischievously to let him know that it was not a dream.

He saw people around him. There were the masons who had built his house, the blind man's son, and the blind man himself. Then there was a group of strangers, with Mr. Raimond's nephew, who put his arm around Camille's shoulders.

"What do you say to all this, little Robinson Crusoe?" he asked. "These men are the police

who were here last night. They are giving you this surprise because they believe that a boy who has shown himself so friendly ought to have friends. Everything that you see here belongs to you—all the furniture and the dishes. Here is a tablecloth and two pairs of sheets, a dozen towels, and clothing for yourself.

"I have invited your friends who built the house, and the blind man and his family to take dinner with you. You will find it in the sideboard. Now, good-night, my boy, I will see you at the office to-morrow."

Camille could not reply. He was too full of joy. But his glowing, happy face said more than words. The policemen understood perfectly. They said good-night and went away.

As for Fox, he was dancing excitedly in front of the cupboard. Marie opened it and clapped her hands.

"An enormous pie—roast duck—loaves of bread!" she exclaimed.

"Supper for all!" cried Camille. "Let us eat! Let us eat!"

"But there are only two chairs," said the masons.

"Then we will carry them and the table out of doors. You must lay boards on stones for seats." said Marie.

"Hurrah for Miss Marie!" cried the masons; and very quickly things were in fine shape.

The blind man sat in the best seat at the head of the table, and the rest seated themselves. Fox ran from one to the other, eating from the hand of each guest. It was a grand picnic.

At ten o'clock they all went home. Camille entered his little house. After putting everything in order, he threw himself on his knees before his bed, and thanked the kind Lord from the depths of his heart, for all the blessings showered upon him.

That night Camille slept in a real bed.

"If I had always had one, I should not know how good this is," said Camille.

On waking the next morning, Camille looked about his room, so pretty and gay, with a thankful heart. Fox was sleeping curled up on a chair, but when he opened his eyes and saw his young master better couched than he, he sprang upon the bed, stretched himself out, and let Camille pet him.

The two were soon interrupted by the cooing of the pigeons, who seemed to demand their share of the caresses. Camille opened the door and leaped for joy; on the wall of his house hung a wooden cage in which his two pigeons were strutting and cooing.

But what was under the cage? A box with a netting across the front. And behind the netting was an animal, black and white, with long ears and bright eyes—no!—*two animals!*

"Rabbits! rabbits!" shouted Camille. "It is Marie who has given them to me for another surprise! good kind Marie!"

Camille was happy. He had pigeons and rab-

bits, and work in the printing house, where he earned thirty *sous* a day. So, like the milkmaid in the fable, he began to make plans.

This is what he said to himself:

"Every day I will rise early in the morning. First I will give the rabbits and pigeons their breakfast before I take my own. Then I will pull a lot of grass and carry it to the vegetable woman where Marie works. Then it will be time to go to the office. When my work is finished, I will come home to my pigeons and my rabbits. What a lovely life it will be for Fox and me! I can plant seeds and have vegetables, and sell them and buy more seed. And I can entertain my friends."

Camille did not have much time for more planning that morning. He gathered a bundle of grass and locked the door. Then, with Fox trotting after him, he hurried to the vegetable shop. The vegetable woman was out, but Marie was

there. When she saw him bringing the bundle of grass, she laughed.

"Ah, you guessed why Mother Grand Jean made you a present of that pair of rabbits!"

"No," said Camille. "It is because I wanted her to have some grass for her own rabbits. I will bring her some every day."

"That will be very kind," said Marie. "It will be well to be attentive to her, Mr. Camille."

"How are they all at home?" asked Camille, as Marie took his bundle.

"We are all happy, for my brother felt so badly about what you did for our father, that last night he said, 'It is shameful for me, who am nineteen years old, to let a child of ten give my father money, that I have spent at the wine shop.' So you see, Camille, it is fine for you to set an example for a boy so much older than you. And do you know, my father says that he never so much regretted being blind as he does now when he cannot see you."

"You are kind to speak so, Marie. I came to ask you what I shall do. When I lived with my Uncle I was always tidy, and I want to be so now. But I cannot wash my clothes or mend them."

"Do not trouble yourself about that, Camille. Every week I will come to fetch your clothes, and my mother will wash and mend them."

"Thank you, Marie, you are so good to me! That is more than I expected, and I will pay your mother, you know, for all she does for me. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XVII

POOR DOG FRIDAY

For two years Camille and Fox kept house in the garden, and they were busy years. Paul, the blind man's son, proved a good friend and helper. Together they cultivated the ground. They planted potatoes, and salads. They cared for the fruit trees. They repaired the wall so well and so quickly that when Mr. Raimond returned from his journey at the end of four months, he did not recognize his property.

He passed twice before he ventured to knock at the gate, which had been painted a light green by one of Paul's comrades.

As for the rabbits and pigeons, Camille did not eat them. But he raised so many that he started a paying business, which did not interfere with his work at the printing office.

Then happened an event which brought a great change.

It was Sunday. After church, Camille was standing on the steps of the building. If you could only have seen our little Robinson Crusoe then, well dressed, very neat, his blond hair curling under his cap! You would not have recognized in this handsome, tall, twelve-year-old lad, the pale delicate boy abandoned two years before in the Garden of the Tuileries.

While Camille stood there watching the people, Fox ran in and out under the carriages. Although Camille called him, he paid no attention.

Just as Camille was saying to himself, "I will go home and read, sitting by my warm stove," he heard a cry:

"Fox! Fox!"

He turned in time to see a carriage with a lady in it. She was holding open the door, while Fox —his own Fox—bounded in. The carriage door shut, and the horses galloped off.

Camille would have run after the carriage, but it had disappeared.

"Oh! Oh! I have lost my dog," he cried in grief so deep that everyone near turned to look at him. "I have lost my dog; Fox! Fox! Come back! Where are you?"

But it was useless to call, to follow, to seek. Fox was gone, doubtless forever. How could one find a little dog in a city so big as Paris? There was nothing for Camille to do but to go home alone. And when he reached the little house, how gloomy it seemed, how empty! He did not pet his rabbits and pigeons. How was he going to live without his dog? Fox could not talk, but then sometimes he yelped, he leaped sometimes on a chair or the bed, sometimes he sprang on his master's knee and licked his hands with love or nibbled them gaily. Now there was nothing.

Camille could not eat his supper. He could only wail:

"Fox, you were my comrade, my brother, all my family! O Fox, come back to me!"

How miserable he was that night, kneeling to pray, poor boy.

"Dear Lord," he said, "You have always been so good to me. Please give me back my dog, my comrade, my friend."

Then he lay down but could not sleep.

In the morning, on his way to the office, he hastened to Marie.

"Fox is gone," was all he could say.

"Gone!" echoed Marie in sorrow.

The printers were very fond of Camille. This morning he answered their friendly greetings in a broken voice.

"I have lost Fox."

"Dear lad," said Mr. Germain, "you shall have another dog."

"I do not want another," said Camille. "It would not be Fox."

That day, for the first time, Camille's work was badly done, but Mr. Germain found no fault.

CHAPTER XVIII

SOME ONE TURNED SAVAGE

It was seven o'clock that evening. The splendor of the moonlight made the snow that covered the ground seem even colder. Camille had finished his day's work, and was going back to his dreary home when he noticed a young man, pale and thin, who was evidently waiting for some one. He was shivering with cold and miserably clad, but he looked like Gustave. Camille would have thought it was he, but said to himself:

"What an idea! My dear Uncle's son! So rich! Gustave could not look like that."

Just then a man wrapped in a fur coat hurried by. The young man held out his hand.

"I have nothing for you," said the stranger, roughly, and would have passed on, but the young man seized his arm and said threateningly:

"I must have money, I am starving."

It was Gustave's voice. Camille could never forget that. He sprang forward.

"Gustave! What are you doing?"

"Gustave!" repeated the young man. "Who told you my name? How do you know me?"

In his terror he released the arm of the stranger, who fled. Then he looked at Camille, but did not recognize him.

"Who are you? How do you know my name?" he asked, gruffly.

"Do you not know me, Gustave?" exclaimed Camille.

"I have never seen you," and Gustave turned away.

"I am Camille."

"Camille!"

"Yes, my dear Uncle's nephew, whom you abandoned in the Garden of the Tuileries. But you look cold, Gustave. Will you let me go home with you? Or will you come with me?"

"Home with me," repeated Gustave. "Do

you suppose that if I had a home I should be here in such weather? or that I should be begging if I had eaten to-day?"

"Then come with me," said Camille; and Gustave, too humiliated to speak, followed silently. When they came to Camille's cozy little house, Gustave asked in surprise:

"Who lives here?"

"I," said Camille. "This is my home," and he opened the cupboard door, adding, "Help yourself, Gustave—there is not much here, some bread and a jar of grape preserves—while I kindle the fire."

When Gustave had finished eating greedily, Camille said:

"Now please tell me about yourself."

"There is nothing to tell. As soon as I got home from Paris I cleared everyone out of my house."

"O Gustave," cried Camille, "you did not send away James with all his family, and Jeanne-

ton, and old Benite, and the little Lignac, who were all born in my dear Uncle's house? "

"They jabbered too much about you," said Gustave, angrily. "Then, like a fool, I sent my money flying, too, and I have not a *sou* left, or a house, either. I had not had anything to eat all day when I met you."

"Was it not good we met!" exclaimed Camille.

Gustave looked surprised.

"Then you do not hate me?" he asked.

"Indeed, I did not like you when I thought you were rich," said Camille. "But now that you are unhappy, I do not dislike you any more, Gustave. Remember what my dear Uncle said, 'Who does good, will find good; who does evil, will find evil.'"

"What foolishness is all that," said Gustave, disguising his feelings with a yawn. "Does anyone sleep in your house?"

"There is only one bed, but you may have half of it."

"I will try to be satisfied," said Gustave, throwing himself down on the bed.

"You have not said your prayers," said Camille, kneeling.

"Why should I? What is the use?"

"O Gustave, do you want to be happy? But I will pray for us both."

Scarcely had Camille begun his prayer, when he thought that he heard a well-known bark.

"Gustave! Gustave!" he cried, "I prayed to the Lord, and he has given me back Fox!"

Camille rose and ran to open the door for Fox, and came back weeping with joy, the little dog in his arms.

He fell on his knees, this time not to ask God for something, but to thank Him.

CHAPTER XIX

THE STRANGE FOOTPRINT

"It is strange, Gustave," said Camille the next morning, "Fox does not like you. He growls at you."

"Dogs are stupid things," replied Gustave, "they have not sense enough to love or hate anyone. Can you lend me a necktie and shirt?"

Camille gave him his handsomest necktie and his best shirt.

"Now for some money for my breakfast," said Gustave.

"I have thirty *sous*. We will divide. I am sorry there is not more."

"You are a good little fellow," said Gustave. "I hope soon to give you back this money. It is only a loan."

After Camille had fed the pigeons, the two cousins passed out of the green gate together, Camille on his way to work.

"I wonder what that is," he said, pointing to a poster freshly pasted on a wall.

"Perhaps someone has lost his ring," said Gustave. "Let us see," and he read aloud:

DOG LOST

50 Francs Reward

Lost two years ago, an English Spaniel, black with flame-colored spots on forehead and paws. Ears drooping. Found the day before yesterday. Ran away again last evening. Answers to the name of Fox. Return to Madame Marboeuf. (Here followed Madame's address.)

"Madame Marboeuf! Madame Marboeuf!" repeated Gustave, thoughtfully. "That is odd."

"It is you, she means Fox. Well, she shall not have you," said Camille, pressing Fox tenderly to his heart.

Gustave sauntered off. When Camille arrived at the office, he told Mr. Germain how Fox had come back and about the poster.

"She shall never have Fox," he added.

"But, my boy," said Mr. Germain, "the dog

is not yours, and if you keep him you are stealing."

"Stealing!" exclaimed Camille, his face growing very red.

"Are you not keeping for yourself what belongs to another? Is not that stealing?"

"Then of course I must give him back," said Camille, gathering the little dog up in his arms. "But do you think that I may ask her to let me buy Fox?" Camille's voice was so faint and his look so piteous that Mr. Germain said quickly:

"Certainly you may."

"Poor Camille, with an aching heart and Fox still in his arms, started for Madame Marboeuf's. He had never loved Fox so much as he did then, and the little dog gazed at him as if he were saying:

"Do not abandon me!"

"What is going to become of me without you, poor doggie?" Camille whispered.

It was a long way; it seemed as if it would

never end. At last Camille reached the apartment house where Madame Marboeuf lived. He stopped at the foot of the steps, and gave Fox a parting hug. Suddenly a young man approached. He stood still when he saw Camille.

It was Gustave.

Camille was too unhappy to be surprised.

"What brings you here, Camille?" Gustave asked, angrily.

"You see," answered Camille, looking sadly at Fox.

"Oho! You are come to get the reward!"

As Camille did not answer, but turned to go into the house, Gustave continued:

"See that you do not mention my name to Madame Marboeuf, do you hear?"

"Why should I?" asked Camille, wonderingly. But Gustave hurried away, saying:

"You will know later."

Camille entered the house, and asked the janitor for the apartment of Madame Marboeuf.

"First floor, door to the left," answered she. "Ah, you have brought back her dog! You are lucky to have found him—such a big reward—no such happiness for me!"

Camille only nodded and passed on to Madame Marboeuf's door. A footman in livery of gold and green opened it. As soon as he saw Fox, he cried:

"Madame's dog! But she will be glad! She lost him the whole of two years ago in the Garden of the Tuileries."

While the footman was talking, he led Camille through several elegantly furnished rooms into a little morning one, where a lady sat before a fire, embroidering. She was not young, but still she was very beautiful.

"Madame, here is Fox," said the footman.

"Fox! Fox!" exclaimed Madame Marboeuf, throwing aside her embroidery and holding out her arms. "Come to me. Do not you know your mistress, you little ingrate?" But Fox remained on the threshold beside Camille.

"I DO NOT WANT THE REWARD, MADAME, I WANT FOX"

" Come, Fox, my precious jewel. Here are the little cakes you love so much."

But Fox only wagged his tail for thanks. That was all.

" You see, Madame, he does not want to go away from me," said Camille.

Madame Marboeuf had been so taken up with the dog that she had not noticed the boy.

" I thank you for bringing him," she said. " Peter, give fifty *francs* to this boy."

Camille did not move.

" Is not the reward large enough? Do you want more? " she added, gently.

" I do not want the reward, Madame, I want Fox. He is my friend, my brother. Let me keep Fox. I beg you, let me keep Fox! He is all I have."

" What a remarkable boy," thought Madame Marboeuf.

" I am sorry for you, my little friend," she said, smiling kindly. " Now that I have my dog, I

mean to keep him myself. Go with Peter. He will pay you."

"I only wish for Fox. You are rich, Madame. You have everything—Fox is all I have. See him look at me. He does not want to leave me. Madame, have pity on us both!" implored Camille.

Madame Marboeuf was not at all touched. She only said coldly:

"Take the boy away, Peter, and give him a hundred *francs.*"

"Oh, please sell me Fox," said Camille boldly, angry that he should be treated thus. "I will work and earn the money."

Madame Marboeuf made no reply, but said impatiently:

"Peter, take this boy away."

Camille would have spoken, but she said:

"That is enough! I will hear no more about it."

Camille turned, and as he followed Peter, and the door closed, Fox gave a long, lonesome howl.

"Hello," said the man in livery, as he saw

Camille leaving without the reward, "here are your hundred *francs*. Wait till I count them."

"I do not want them," said Camille. "That is a bad wicked woman! Fox will never stay with her. She will see!"

Camille left the house, but he went only a few steps. There he sat down on the curb and began to whistle. Gustave, who had been watching for him, came up. He was awaiting his turn to call upon Madame Marboeuf.

"Are you not going to work?" he asked.

"No, I am going to stay here all day and whistle."

"Idiot!" muttered Gustave, and walked off.

Camille did not need to stay long. Fox had escaped once, and he was ready to escape again. No sooner did he hear the well-known whistle than he managed to slip out. He came trotting straight to Camille.

"Come on, Fox, we will run," and they did not stop until they reached the printing office, where Camille poured out his grief.

The printers gathered around him. They all sympathized, and listened to his story with indignation.

"You told her she would not get her money until you earned it," said Gaspard, one of the printers. "That is why she would not let you have the dog. Now, we fellows will take up a collection, and you can pay us later instead of her."

All the men quickly put their hands into their pockets, and each contributed his share.

"I will take her the money myself," said Gaspard. He carefully rolled the money in paper, and departed.

At the end of an hour he returned. He dashed his hat on the table, and shouted:

"As hard as stone—the boy was right—she laughed in my face, she would not touch the money—she told me to carry it back—Here, men, take your contributions."

"I am just as thankful to you all," said poor

Camille, sadly pressing Gaspard's hand. "But I have another idea, if you will please hear it. Perhaps it is a good one."

"Tell us about it, Robinson Crusoe," for this was the name that the printers always called Camille.

"It is this," said Camille. "You know that Madame Marboeuf loves Fox, and perhaps she might listen to a letter from him, when she would not hear me. What if someone should write a letter from him?"

"Good! good!" cried all the printers.

And after commencing more than one letter, and tearing each into scraps, at last one was finished that would have delighted Fox if he could have read it.

Dear Mistress Madame:—

When I was lost in the Garden of the Tuileries two years ago chased on all sides, wounded and covered with blood, I should have perished but a poor boy lost like me, took pity on me. He washed the blood away, cut a handkerchief into strips and bandaged my wounds.

He spent his only *sou* for a piece of bread which he divided with me.

You see, Madame, I cannot forget these things. Though I am only a dog, I am grateful. That boy and I have never left each other. We are faithful companions. We are friends. We tell each other our troubles, our joys. We understand each other.

So, Madame, I will see you often. I will visit you, but do not hope to keep me. If you find me and take me by force to your house, I will run away. If you tie me up, I will break the rope. If I cannot escape, I will starve myself to death. You are rich, Madame, and perhaps paid a great deal for me. Camille has not bought me, he has saved my life.

I do not know how to sign my name, so I have laid my paw on this paper.

From

One of the printers carried this letter to Madame Marboeuf's house.

CHAPTER XX

GUSTAVE AGAIN!

In a very little while, the reply came.

My dear Fox:—

As I cannot write all that I have to say, come to see me as soon as you get this letter. Bring your friend with you.

Your old Mistress Madame.

The letter was read aloud in the middle of the printing office.

"What shall I do?" asked Camille looking from one to another of his friends.

"I would go to her," said one.

"Indeed, I would not," said another.

"I think I had better go," said Camille sorrowfully, and he departed a second time with Fox under his arm. When he reached Madame Marboeuf's apartment, the door was

ajar. He hesitated to go in for he heard angry voices.

"I have ordered you to leave my house, and never put your foot in it again," cried Madame Marboeuf's voice.

"But what if I should find him and bring him back to you?" some one answered.

Camille stood spellbound. It was Gustave's voice!

"I will take him in, but as for you, I will drive you out—worthless fellow that you are!" answered Madame Marboeuf. "Leave sir, leave!"

"But, Madame, remember—"

"Leave! I do not know you any more! Leave!"

There was no answer for a moment, then Madame Marboeuf raised her voice and cried out: "Go or I will have the servants drive you out!"

GUSTAVE TOOK HIM BY THE ARM, AND DRAGGED HIM ALONG WITH HIM DOWN THE STAIRS

At the same moment the door was thrown wide, and Gustave pale and with savage eyes, rushed out brushing against Camille.

"Come away from here. That woman is a monster," he shouted.

And before Camille could resist, Gustave took him by the arm, and dragged him along with him down the stairs. On the lowest step, they struck against a stout gentleman who was coming up.

"Take care, take care!" said he putting his hand on Camille's shoulder.

Camille raised his eyes.

"Is it you, Mr. Raimond?"

"It is, my little Robinson Crusoe. Who is this young man?"

"It is my cousin."

"And what are you doing here?" asked Mr. Raimond.

"Come along, come along! We cannot wait,"

exclaimed Gustave pulling Camille along with him.

When they reached the street, Gustave gave Camille no chance to ask questions. He only said, as he left him:

"Something is going to happen."

"I will not go back to Madame Marboeuf until to-morrow," thought Camille, glad to keep Fox for another day.

When he arrived at the printing office, and told his tale, there was great excitement. But the foreman put a stop to the conversation by sending Camille to carry proof to some authors.

"Take Fox with you," he said.

Camille had been gone but a little while, when a servant in gold and green livery, appeared at the printing office.

"Does a boy named Camille work here, and has he a black spaniel?"

"He works here, and is gone out with the dog," said Gaspard.

"I am from Madame Marboeuf."

"What does Madame Marboeuf want of him?" inquired Gaspard.

"She wants him to come to her immediately."

"He shall be told," said Mr. Germain gravely.

The man touched his hat, and went away.

CHAPTER XXI

RESCUED AT LAST

It was late when the errand was done, and Camille and Fox, instead of returning to the office, went directly home.

To Camille's surprise, the gate was wide open, and he ran to his little house. How astonished he was! There was Madame Marboeuf seated on one of his two chairs, and Mr. Raimond on the other. The blind man, Paul, and Marie were standing near them, and there, too, was Daddy La Tuile, who immediately began to stroke Fox, calling him Austerlitz.

Madame Marboeuf was trembling. Mr. Raimond was tapping the floor with his cane. The blind man was listening attentively to every sound. Paul and Marie were weeping with joy.

Madame Marboeuf was the first to speak.

"Dear boy," she said holding out her hand,

" tell me why you did not come to me when I sent for you."

Before Camille could reply, Gustave himself entered the room. He was pale and gloomy. Every one was silent and gazed at him in astonishment.

" I am here," he said in a shaking voice, " to say that I am a great criminal. And to punish myself I wish to confess it, especially to you Camille, who are so good and trusting. You were right when you said that either good or evil brings its own reward. My first bad action was to burn my father's will, in which he had provided for your future, and had arranged matters so that I could not waste my own fortune, as he knew I would do—and as I did."

" Then I took you to Paris, and deserted you, leaving you without any money. I do not need to dwell on my cruelty. How many times I have seen your face in dreams and have awakened

shivering and cold, and afraid to close my eyes again!"

Gustave was silent for a moment overcome with emotion. Then he recovered himself.

"When I returned home, I found my Aunt waiting. You are her sister's child, Camille. She asked for you. I told her that I had taken you to Paris, because your education had been neglected, and had placed you in a school. She asked for its address. I gave her the first address I could think of. She went directly to Paris to find you. When she discovered that I had shamefully deceived her, she wrote reproachfully to me. You may be sure, I never answered that letter!

"After being robbed and cheated, until I had very little left, I came to Paris. That finished my ruin. You know the rest, Camille. You found me dying of hunger, and offered to share your house. I hated you for your goodness. I woke the next morning with rage in my heart. Do not draw away from me, Camille. I confess this

because that rage has been turned into the truest repentance. I am filled with remorse. And, Camille, Madame Marboeuf here, is my father's sister, and your mother's sister—your aunt."

"Yes, dear child," said Madame Marboeuf tenderly, "I am indeed your aunt, and all that I have belongs to you now, as though I were your mother. Come to me," and she held out her arms.

Camille, amazed and confused stood looking first at his aunt and then at Mr. Raimond—who was motioning him to go to her—and then at the others who wept; while Fox licked first Madame Marboeuf's hand and then Camille's.

"Come, dear boy," repeated Madame Marboeuf, and Camille, running to her, threw his arms around her neck.

"How did you know, dear Aunt, that I was your nephew?" he asked.

"From your cousin himself," answered Mr. Raimond. "I was on my way to call on Madame

Marboeuf, when I met you on the staircase with this young man. You told me he was your cousin. He dragged you away before you could explain to me what you were doing there. When I told this to Madame Marboeuf, she said that the young man was one of her nephews, who had behaved himself so badly that she would never see him again. Then she told me about the other nephew, and how the elder had deceived her.

"While I was putting the two stories together your cousin returned. 'Madame,' he said, 'I have done wrong. I deserve neither pity nor pardon. I will tell you that the nephew for whom you are seeking, is the boy who brought your dog. Now, if you wish, let your servants drive me out, I shall not complain.'

"Before he left, he gave us the address of the printing shop. Madame Marboeuf sent for you, but you were gone. So we decided to surprise you at your house. But first Madame Mar-

boeuf wanted to hear about you from your friends, the blind man's family, and from the old soldier too. She arranged for them to meet us here, and we have been waiting for you two hours."

Imagine the joy of our Camille, so lately without a family, as he was caressed by his Aunt, and then folded affectionately in Mr. Raimond's arms. He pressed the hands of the old soldier and the blind man, without forgetting Marie and her brother.

Suddenly he remembered Gustave, who was standing sorrowfully by himself. Camille ran quickly to him.

"Gustave," he said, "you do not hate me because I am happy, do you?"

"How could I?" asked Gustave gently.

"Anyway, Gustave," cried Camille, "we share this happiness. I have found an aunt who is yours too!"

"No, Camille," said Madame Marboeuf, "I have only *one* nephew, and that is you."

"Dear Aunt," said Camille in a pleading tone, "you will pardon him?"

"No."

"Dear Aunt, give him just a little place in your heart!"

"Good, good!" said Mr. Raimond, laughing, "they are cousins. The same blood runs in their veins. And the big one cannot be altogether bad, when he has such a generous little cousin. A free pardon, Madame."

"It is not just that the wicked should be rewarded like the good," replied Madame Marboeuf. "The only thing that I can agree to, is to shut my eyes to whatever Camille does for his cousin. I will allow him to be as generous as he pleases."

"Then you shall not want for anything," murmured Camille in Gustave's ear.

As he spoke, he felt little teeth biting his hand. It was Fox, reproaching him for forgetting his old friend.

"You are right, Fox ! You are right! I am an ingrate," exclaimed Camille lifting Fox in his arms. "It is you who have given me everything. Without you, I should be poor little Robinson Crusoe of Paris, and you would be Friday!"

All this happened a long time ago. To-day, Camille is finishing his studies at one of the best schools in Paris. Madame Marboeuf is building a fine mansion on Mr. Raimond's ground. Among the builders, are the comrades of the blind man's son, as well as Paul himself.

The old soldier, to whom Camille has given a present of another Austerlitz, guards the place. And the gardener is the blindman, and Marie is with him. But he is a blind man no longer! A famous surgeon has removed the cataracts from his eyes, and at last he is able to see Camille and the sunshine.

As for Gustave, in spite of Camille's kindness,

he has refused to stay in France, and is now an officer in the army in Africa.

Fox is well, but is growing fat. That does not prevent him from standing on his hindlegs to dance, whenever any one says:

"Jump, Fox, jump for little Robinson Crusoe of Paris!"

THE END

M. L. Kirk.